Posted originally on the Archive of Our Own at http://archiveofourown.org/works/2816309.

Rating:	Teen And Up Audiences
Archive Warning:	Choose Not To Use Archive Warnings, No Archive Warnings Apply, Graphic Depictions Of Violence
Category:	Gen, Multi
Fandom:	Fire Emblem: Kakusei | Fire Emblem: Awakening
Character:	Female My Unit | Avatar, Gimurei | Grima, Chrom (Fire Emblem), Frederick (Fire Emblem), Liz | Lissa, Maribelle (Fire Emblem)
Additional Tags:	modern AU, robin gets amnesia twice, chrom is a platonic husband, casually travels dimensions like no big deal, Angst, Psychological Trauma, Hurt/Comfort, Slice of Life
Stats:	Published: 2014-12-21 Updated: 2015-03-15 Chapters: 4/? Words: 6559

The End

by Ree (reeses)

Summary

In which Robin faces the dragon-god and lands the final blow. Only, it wasn't the ending they all expected. (Warning: spoilers for the final chapter in Fire Emblem Awakening.)

Cross-posted from Fanfiction.net

Conflict

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

She can still hear Chrom screaming, see him reaching out for her before the darkness swallowed her whole.

"We could've been so much better together, my dear vessel." The fell dragon hisses, circling Robin. "Why could you give up godhood for these *insects*? Crush them, and we can rule the world."

There's a long, pregnant pause as Robin takes this in.

Then she smiles at Grima, who grins almost maniacally in return.

"God?" She repeats, testing the title on her tongue. Her smile disappears the next second. "What's a god to a nonbeliever?"

Grima's face contorts into disbelieving fury. "*What?*"

"I will not give up the bonds I've forged with my brothers- and sisters-in-arms just to lose my will to chaos and destruction." Robin replies fiercely. "I will not heed your offers of godhood. I've seen what the future becomes, and I will not let that happen!"

"FOOL!" Grima snarls, the doppelganger's face flickering into a more sinister and reptilian one. "You think you're above chaos and destruction? Then let's count your sins: innocents have died at your hands, in the name of peace! You've cheated your way to victory at the expense of countless lives. You've manipulated those *ants* into thinking you're one of *them* when you're meant for a greater purpose."

The fell dragon's face now blurs into obscurity, as they menacingly circle around the tactician growling, "Not only that, you've even *lied* to your companions on several occasions. Did you really think that I wouldn't know about your little affair with Naga's little princeling?"

Robin stiffens and clenches her fists, her bravado all but fading away. Grima smiles triumphantly.

"I have seen your mind. You think yourself above them because you know you are destined for more than being Ylisse's mere *trophy*. The thought of godhood still tempts you now. Even you, my own vessel, aren't above base human desires."

Grima leans in towards Robin with a visible scowl. "So don't spit empty words at me when you have blood staining your hands."

The tactician grimaces and hangs her head as silence settles over the two. Then the Fell God turns away from Robin assured in their victory—

"That is exactly why I will not side with you." Robin finally says.

Grima whirls back to their vessel with a dangerous light in their eyes, smile gone.

She continues undeterred, "I know my own sins very well. I have lied, cheated, and murdered. I've done wrong to Ylisse, to my countrymen, to my comrades… I've even considered ditching them all to become a god for the hardships I've been through."

Robin slowly looks up at Grima with a new look on her face; her eyes are dark and fiery. "I'll pay for my own damned vices, but not like this. I won't let you trample all over me and my teammates like this."

Grima bristles. "How *dare* you—!"

Come back to us, Robin!

The tactician wavers. Lissa?

I know it would take more than this to stop you!

Frederick?

Suddenly, familiar voices bombard Robin with encouragements both desperate and heartfelt. All of the Shepherds calling her out of the void. Her friends—no, her family are still reaching out to her. They've been by her side through thick and thin, though bad and good, through her worst and her best. Of course they'd try their damnedest to bring her back, because they care about her as much as she cares about them.

Lastly, she hears Chrom's voice slicing through the dark.

Fight back! You swore to do so, remember? Now keep your damn word!

Chrom.

A tear slides down Robin's cheek as the look in her eyes change. They're are determined this time and that unnerves the fell dragon.

"I won't leave them like you did." She whispers, stepping back. "I'll put an end to this."

"No, *NO!*" Grima screeches, clutching at Robin in impotent rage. "You are all worms beneath me! *You are* nothing *but fleas, roaches, vermin on my back!* I AM THE FELL DRAGON OF YORE, AND *I WILL END YOU ALL!*"

"*TO HELL WITH YOU! I WILL FIGHT!*" She screams back, shaking off the fell dragon's grip.

Light cracks through the dark, and shatters the void.

Chapter End Notes

> Just to clear up the confusion: Robin is married to Chrom, but her love for him is platonic. The same can't be said for Chrom and therein lies the problem. Which is what Grima uses as a pointy stick to poke Robin.

Battle

Chapter by reeses

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

When she opens her eyes again, she finds herself facing Grima alone. The other Shepherds are busy fending for their lives against the endless waves of Risen. If she doesn't take out Grima from here, it's all over.

Grima smiles menacingly. "Return to me, for we are one and the same."

Robin flashes a cheeky grin of her own. "Thanks, but I'm not interested in lizards."

Grima's smile turns into a snarl. "You will regret your choices today."

The tactician merely smirks.

But her smirk disappears as the fell dragon rears its literal head.

Well damn. She didn't know the dragon could multitask flying through air and still face Robin. She also slightly pities her other future self for merging with such an ugly lizard.

She takes out her Thoron tome from the confines of her robes.

"I AM DESPAIR!" Grima hisses, at the same the dragon spews an unholy fireball at Robin.

The tactician dives to left, the fireball uselessly crashing into where she stood before and dissipating into smoke. She fires a giant lightning bolt at Grima's human form in return, but the dragon form intercepts it. Robin rushes at Grima, flicking forward one more bolt. The bolt knocks the fell dragon's head out of the way, leaving the human form open.

Robin switches weapons in an instant and swings her sword at Grima.

But she spots the dark spikes nearly a second late, and just barely avoids skewering her leg by a spike. Though she now sports a nasty gash on the same leg. She readies her sword again.

"Sol!" The sword flashes, and a gold aura envelopes the blade.

Robin rushes at Grima once more, and this time she slashes the human form's leg. In the same moment, the gash in her leg closes up. Grima lashes out at Robin with another row of spikes, but the tactician dodges the attack by jumping back. The fell dragon spits another dark fireball at her, and Robin counters with a lightning bolt. Both spells meet in midair with a deafening explosion.

She seizes the opportunity and charges at Grima's human form. "Ignis!"

Indigo flames cover her sword this time as she strikes at Grima again. She knows she's getting closer, because it looks like Grima is tiring. Too bad the same can't be said of the dragon counterpart. The fell dragon lunges at Robin, open maw bearing down on the tactician.

Then a familiar blue-haired warrior blindsides the fell dragon with his lance. Robin can't help but whoop at the dashing rescue, "Yeah, go Chrom!"

Said prince flashes her a grin before barrel-rolling away from another dark fireball.

Robin faces Grima's weakening human form and dashes in for another slash. Grima fends off Robin's attack with more spikes again, but the tactician swerves out of the way.

A rogue spike stabs Robin in the shoulder from behind.

She gasps in pain, now held in place by the spike embedded in her shoulder. Grima smirks and casually strolls over to the wounded tactician like the Fell God has all the time in the world. Robin tries wrenching her shoulder free from the spike, but the struggle only worsens the pain and she's forced to stay still. Gods, this is so much worse than getting hit with an arrow.

At least she still has an arm free. Robin clutches Thoron in her injured hand and shoots a bolt with her other. That manages to distract Grima for a moment, but not long enough for her to free herself. The tactician starts squirming more desperately as the Fell God gets closer and closer.

Suddenly, Grima halts. What?

Someone severs the spike from the ground, freeing her shoulder. The spike in her shoulder disperses into smoke in response, leaving behind a gaping hole in her shoulder. Robin turns to see Chrom with the Exalted Falchion drawn.

"I'm sorry I didn't get here sooner." The prince says with guilt-ridden eyes.

Robin shakes her head. "It's fine, I'll live. More fighting, less talking."

To appease him, the tactician grabs an elixir from her pocket and makes a show out of gulping down half the potion before stowing it away. At most, it takes away the edge off the pain and accelerates the healing process by twofold. She can feel the torn muscles and tendons start to knit themselves back together.

The tactician faces the prince again.

"Let's end this together." Robin says, giving Chrom a reassuring smile.

He nods. "Together."

They interlace their hands together. Then they charge at Grima one last time, their swords raised.

The fell dragon almost intercepts again, but a well-aimed fireball distracts the head for a moment. Robin briefly looks up to catch Morgan flying overhead and throwing wind spells at the fell dragon.

"Eat that, lizard!" Morgan crows from atop his wyvern. Oh the irony.

Good thing his antics distracts Grima's human form too, because now they can rush in and cut Grima down while they still have the chance. They charge together, but separate at the last second.

They strike at opposite sides of Grima.

"AUGH... DAMN YOU!" The Fell God bellows as they fall to their knees.

But before Chrom can make another move, Robin shoves him back harshly.

Confusion, then horror overtakes the prince.

"Robin?! What—"

"WHAT... WHAT ARE YOU DOING?" Grima wheezes through labored breaths.

Robin notes the hint of fear in the fell dragon's voice as she positions her sword over Grima's heart.

"For once, I'm glad that we're one and the same. Now I can give my life for my friends, my family, for the future."

Grima scoffs. "YOU... WOULD NOT DARE."

Robin grins for a moment. Then her expression hardens.

"I do dare. Far too many have suffered from your lust for destruction. And because you and I merged, we share the blame for that. It's only right that we meet our end—"

She pulls back her sword an inch as the fell dragon roars in protest,

"—together!"

and stabs Grima.

Everything is mute as Grima falls backwards. Then a horrible screeching follows after, but Robin doesn't cover her ears and she watches the fell dragon fall.

As the body lands, it slowly fades into purple flames. Then, into nothing.

Finally. It's over.

She turns to Chrom, who's calling her name, unable to say anything else other than no. Robin simply smiles and sheds a tear.

"Thank you. I'm sorry. I love you." As the flames reach her waist, Robin raises a hand to wave goodbye. "I hope we meet again, Chrom."

Then she closes her eyes for the last time—

—and wakes up in a hospital bed.

Chapter End Notes

Can you tell that I can't write battle scenes? :'D

Aftermath

Chapter by reeses

Chapter Summary

> In which Robin wakes up in a completely different setting and has her memories stolen again.

She blinks. Where is she?

Robin starts to get up, but the sharp sting from her shoulder keeps her down. She opts to scoot upwards on the headboard on her unhurt side. Then she belatedly realizes that she's still here, alive, *breathing*. Her heart beats so loud that she's sure that anyone within a ten foot radius can hear it too. That… that's almost incredible. In fact, that *is* incredible. There's no way that the bonds she formed with the Shepherds are so strong that they brought her back right after Grima's death. Sure, she loves them and they're practically family, yet she *knows* that she didn't make friends with everyone in the army. Robin was too busy planning for the final battle towards the end.

That realization sobers her. She had spent her final days being a tactician instead of being a comrade. And she didn't even share her decision with anybody either.

She never said a proper goodbye to everyone, not even to her own children. (Grima didn't count *those* in her long list of sins, she notes sourly.)

"Oh, you're awake?"

Robin looks up and sees a girl with blonde pigtails. She recognizes the girl, but draws a blank. The girl walks over to her bedside, saying something Robin can't comprehend because she's trying to place the girl's face from somewhere. Trying to figure out where she's seen the girl is like trying to draw a memory from a dream—it trickles from her grasp and she's left with nothing. Tears suddenly prick at Robin's eyes. It's like someone is tearing a piece of her heart out, but *why*?

Who is this girl?

"—were pretty darn lucky—oh. Oh jeez. Miss," the girl places a gentle hand on Robin's shoulder and the latter flinches at the touch. Startled, the girl pulls away. "Miss, are you alright?"

Robin is trembling. This can't be happening. Why can't she remember any of the Shepherd's faces? Her memories of them snuff out one by one and she's helpless to do anything but shiver like the room's made of ice. Her comrades, her friends, her *family*, all fading away like Grima did (like Robin did). She can't lose them too. She *can't.* Not when she's all alone again.

Don't take them away too, she pleads silently. *Don't take them away like you took my life away. Please.*

Her shuddering worsens and the girl has to hold Robin's shoulders again and lay her back down and yell for help and suddenly a horde of people rush into the room—too noisy, too loud—and Robin can't breathe. Something's choking her, something's reaching into her heart and tearing it out and then she's *screaming* and there's more yelling, more noise. Robin's crying again because it

hurts too much and she doesn't know where she's hurting because there's so many hands all over her body—can't breathe, can't feel, can't *move*. She *screams* and thrashes about and they have to hold her down and something pricks her arm and then everything blurs.

Funny, how she's dying a second time. Her vision blacks out.

Robin wakes up again. She blinks blearily a few times. Then she realizes she's not dead. Conclusion: someone knocked her out.

Moving around a lot doesn't do her much good, since her shoulder is hurting a hell of a lot more than usual. As does the side of her thigh, for some reason. Wait, why is her shoulder and thigh even hurting at all? And why is she strapped down to a bed? They even strapped down her *head*. What the actual hell? She runs through several scenarios of why they'd even—

Her eyes widen. Oh gods they're gonna torture her. Robin struggles more violently against the restraints, but stops because her shoulder's killing her *ow*.

She starts to hyperventilate a little while trying *really* hard not to freak out or anything. No, this isn't helping at all. First of all Robin needs to focus on not passing out again, so she forces herself to steady her own breathing. Deep inhale, slow exhale. She repeats that pattern a few times and her head clears with each breath.

Okay, she's calm now. Though the strap over her head is really starting to annoy her. Robin tries to move her hands, but they're held in place by the same straps that's holding her whole body in place. Fortunately, whoever strapped her in didn't do a good job of strapping her head down. Only half of her forehead is trapped, so all Robin has to do is slip under and out. Easier said than done, thanks to her shoulder.

It takes a bit of tricky maneuvering and lots of persistence to shift her entire body downwards, then the strap falls off her forehead. Immediately, she pulls up and lifts her head to study her surroundings.

The first word that comes to mind is sterile. The room is so clean and white that it's a little unnerving. Black strips of sturdy textured fabric hold her body in place. Robin's barefoot and dressed in a plain pale gown. There's a tube sticking out of her arm too, though she's not sure why it's there. To her right is a wall of curtain, and to her right is a wall. If there's a door, she can't see it from her position. And the air smells heavily pungent and bitter for some reason. Everything unnerves her at the moment, but Robin has to swallow down her fear and think of a way out.

Her palms are sweaty and slippery from the previous struggle. Inspiration strikes her. She tugs and pulls at the straps for a while, until one of her hands finally slips out. A breathless laugh escapes her mouth.

She sets to work to tugging the rest of the straps loose.

It's a little after ten, and work has been *exhausting*. Thank God Lissa doesn't have to work the graveyard shift tonight. She's in the dressing room, shrugging off her lab coat and pulling on her cardigan when Maribelle walks in. Her hot-tempered, gossipy friend is more quiet than usual, which immediately raises Lissa's suspicions.

"I heard what happened today from Libra." Maribelle says with a sympathetic smile. Ah, so that's why she's like this today.

Lissa smiles back at Maribelle, but the smile doesn't reach her eyes. Instead, Lissa wraps her arms

around herself as she recounts the events today with a Jane Doe that came in. Shot twice, once in the shoulder, and another grazed the side of the Jane Doe's thigh. Paramedics said they had picked her up from an alley after getting a really freaky anonymous tip. (Then again, all anonymous calls tended to be freaky in one way or another.) They thought that it was a miracle that she had even managed to hang on with such injuries. The memory of seeing the Jane Doe's battered body still sends shudders up Lissa's spine.

"It… it was a first for me." She finally says after a while. "I know, I should expect everything and anything when it comes to the emergency room. But…"

Maribelle steps closer and pats her shoulder reassuringly. "It's fine dear, everyone has had at least one patient like that. Remember when we were interns?"

"I remember." Lissa replies solemnly. The ensuing silence hangs awkwardly between them, but thankfully neither of them speak of it.

"But this one was really… off."

Her friend quirks an eyebrow.

"How 'off'?" She asks, air-quoting the last word.

Lissa looks down, replaying the scene in her head. "She kept crying about something taking away her family and she looked so… lost. It's even worse because we can't be sure if she *has* any relatives or friends to visit her."

Maribelle's face creases with worry as she pulls her friend into a hug. "There's nothing we can do about it for now, darling. All we can do is wait for her to wake up."

Lissa sniffles a little, then buries her face into Maribelle's shoulder. "Yeah, you're right. Might as well wait till tomorrow to check up on her again."

They stand like that for a while, the two girls hugging each other in the empty dressing room. It just feels nice, for the both of them, to be in her friend's arms after a long grueling day of attending to sick people.

Maribelle is the first to pull away, and there's a grin on her face that makes Lissa grin too.

"I don't know about you dear, but I'm in the mood for some drinking." Her friend offers not-so-subtly, flipping her blonde ringlets.

"Let's call over Olivia and the others!" Lissa practically exclaims, bouncing on the heels of her shoes. "And go clubbing!"

That turns strait-laced Maribelle's smile upside down. "Er, clubbing?"

Lissa makes a show out of rolling her eyes at her friend.

"C'mon Mari, it'll be fun! I promise."

Robin tugs the hood closer to her face as she walks quickly through the crowded streets under bright lights.

Nobody gives her a second glance, despite the fact that she's wearing a huge purple cloak and a strange pale green uniform, because everyone walks fast and keeps their heads down. Yet, they

still manage to walk without colliding into anyone. It's a fascinating sight to behold, if she can stop and admire it for a moment. But she has to keep moving, find a place to hide in for a day, and figure out what to do from now on.

She looks up at the night sky to get her bearings for a second and her mouth goes dry. All Robin sees is an endless black sea void of light. There's no stars. *Why aren't there any stars?* Nobody else seems to notice this abnormality. They're all walking past her, occasionally bumping into or shouldering her. After a while of getting shoved out of the way, Robin's forced to move on. How can these people not freak out over the fact that the night sky is *missing its stars*? Is it a normal thing here? Robin chews on her lip nervously.

Though, she notices the people passing by. Some of them are laughing and dressed in attractive, skin-baring clothes. Others are somber and dressed in piles of scarves and thick coats. A rare few stand out of the crowd, with strange hairstyles and stranger clothes.

Stranger still, there are sleek metal contraptions that zoom by on the black road on her left. Sometimes, they stop at certain places where the overhanging lights are red. Those same lights turn green or yellow minutes later.

Everything is so new and weird here and she doesn't even know why. But at least she has this nifty cloak that feels comfortable and safe.

The narrower road she's walking on widens to a plaza on her right side. Or, what she thinks is a plaza. In the middle of the plaza there's water shooting out of holes in the ground, making some sort of fountain from the very ground itself. People skirt around the strange fountain, but a few brave ones sprint through and a couple of unlucky sprinters are doused with jets. Sometimes the water spurts from a hole for a few seconds, then stops. Other times the water surges upward from all the holes in intimidating towers. Most of the time only a few jets shoot up and down in a fluidlike dance on concrete. The scene reminds her of someone who once danced like water in the midst of chaos, whose name escapes her at the moment.

Against her better judgement, Robin pads over to the fountain in the ground and crouches down to inspect one of the holes. She gets a few strange looks for it but she ignores them in favor of satisfying her curiosity.

Robin taps the hole a few times. Nothing happens. She scoots back and waits a few seconds. As the last of the jets die down, another one suddenly shoots up in front of her. It startles her enough that she jumps and lands on her behind and that gets a few passersby chuckling and her face reddens in reply. She quickly pushes herself up and walks away, trying hard to pretend that she did *not* just poke at a fountain in the ground like a child.

Though standing up brings her back to reality of the situation at hand, which is starting to drive home that she's not home. Robin's alone in unfamiliar territory, without useful recollections to help her nor stars to guide her way. Her memory is like puzzle pieces without the puzzle box cover to tell what kind of picture it forms at the end. She needs to find the rest of the pieces, and soon. This new world seems volatile, unpredictable. Anything can happen at any given moment if she's not careful.

Like when Robin nearly collides into a stranger in her haste.

"Oh, sorry, I-I didn't mean—" the stranger stumbles over his words, reminiscent of someone else she can't remember.

"It's fine, don't worry." She replies in a gruff voice.

Robin looks up and sees Chrom.

Recovering

Chapter Summary

In which Chrom helps a stranger and Frederick is most displeased about it. Lissa and Maribelle are mad that their one girl's night out is interrupted by a runaway patient.

Meanwhile, Robin dreams.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

As briefly as it comes, the name blinks out of existence. Robin's brow furrows. It was definitely name that sounded familiar, comforting. All these flashes of recognition are driving her mad. Too many pieces in this puzzle are missing.

"Uh, hello?" Oh. That man. She bumped into this man. His warm blue eyes are scrunched with concern as he places a tentative hand on her injured shoulder, much to her distress. "Are you sure you're fine? You look like you're hurt."

Robin bristles and none-too-gently shoves his hand off with her shoulder. Her shoulder seems to think that was a stupid move by burning with an unholy, searing, angry retribution. She winces. Before the man can reach out to her again in alarm, Robin holds up a hand to stop him.

"I told you, I'm fine." She growls through gritted teeth, covering up with a scowl.

The man flinches like she slapped him and his warm blue eyes frown (*how does he do that?*). It makes her feel strangely guilty.

She draws away from his presence, unsure of anything really. Logic dictates that she should walk away from this potential threat and find shelter quickly. Reason argues that this man should not be trusted, nor anyone else, and that she should find a healer to fix her shoulder and leg.

Healer. Shoulder, leg. Those words.

The man's stricken expression triggers something.

Flashes of memories invade her mind with *blood, pain, screams, roars—*

Her legs give out from underneath her and she's clutching at her shoulder, a scream building up in her throat. More memories start to flood her head and she can't tell what's real, what's fake. Someone reaches out to her, someone with *royal blue hair, warm blue eyes—*

Then she's frozen in midair. She lands on someone's back. Warm, comforting, frustratingly familiar. Robin latches on for dear life as her head pounds incessantly.

"Hold on," a familiar and strange voice says, "I'll get you help."

"This is gonna be so great!" Lissa sings as she practically bounces around her room, gathering makeup and clothes along the way. "Ooh, what about this shade? This is totally gonna make you

look hot!"

She holds up a bright red lipstick for the other girl to examine. Maribelle, sitting daintily on the vanity stool, scrunches her nose in disgust.

"Dear, I believe that shade is more fit for a harlot."

Lissa wrinkles her nose and frowns. "Mari, honey, I know you're still studying to be a judge someday, but you aren't that old."

The girl in question raises a questioning eyebrow. "What does that have to do with lipstick?"

"Because judges are *judge*mental and old, duh." Lissa earns a smack on the shoulder coupled with a(n admittedly adorable and) petulant glare. "Ouch! Okay, that was a bad joke. A *really* bad one —but come on, Mari! Just try it. I bet it'll look classy on you."

Nice save, she tells herself as Maribelle levels her another steely stare. Another smack on the shoulder, lighter this time. The shorter girl brightens as she swats away Maribelle's halfhearted protests and uncaps the tube.

"We're going all out tonight and that means we're going *bold*." Lissa chatters, gently coating her friend's lips with cherry red. "There! You look lovely."

She spins the chair so that Maribelle faces the mirror. Lissa while Maribelle takes in her noble visage, enhanced by the former's makeup artistry. High cheekbones accentuated with a bit of blush, eyeliner makes her striking eyes made even bolder, and (just as Lissa guessed) red is truly a fine shade for her plump lips—oh gods, she's going on a gay ramble about how hot her friend looks. Okay but who can blame her when Maribelle looks like one of those models from *Vogue*?

Lissa is pulled back into reality by Maribelle's voice. "Lissa, you alright? Your face looks red."

She waves off her friend's concern while trying very hard not to freak out or anything. "I-I'm fine, don't worry too much about it. Let's just—"

Then that stupid Fire Emblem themed ringtone interrupts her. Damn it Chrom. Maribelle's usually prim face breaks into an amused smirk, which sends Lissa's heart into convulsions while she tries to answer the phone without looking like an idiot.

"What do you want?" Lissa answers huffily with an unamused pout. The color drains from her face as she listens.

There's frantic knocking on the front door.

Frederick glances up at the clock—it's 9:56 PM—and gets up from his plush reading chair. He grabs his battered baseball bat as he walks towards the noise.

"State your business," he says.

Groans and curses ensue outside. "Damnit Frederick, it's me, Chrom! Open this damn door before I kick it in again!"

His eyes widen before he drops the bat and scrambles to unlock the door.

A certain heir to a conglomerate huffs indignantly as he shuffles inside and kicks the door shut, scuffing the pristine color, much to Frederick's dismay.

“Sir, I thought you weren’t going to go through this agai—” then Frederick notices a limp body in an unfamiliar purple clock on Chrom’s back. “Who did you bring in?”

“An unconscious girl. She collapsed right in front of me, so I decided it’d best for her to rest up at your place.” The heir replies, avoiding eye contact as he sets the body down the couch. Even if she looks as unconscious as Chrom says, Frederick tightens his grip on the bat. His colleagues don’t call him Frederick the Wary for shits and giggles.

Though the unspoken question hangs in the air—*why not your place?*

They both know why Chrom avoids his own home, for the same reason Lissa talks to Frederick in hushed tones through the phone on some nights. Their father isn’t as… “benevolent” and “upright” at home as he is in public. The only good thing about their family is their older sister. Emmeryn—gods bless her soul—is almost finished with her training as CEO of Naga Corporation and set to take over the company in their father’s place. The two siblings haven’t seen their older sister ever since their father shipped her off to Plegia to do some negotiations with longtime rivals/partners. (“It’s complicated,” Chrom told him when Frederick asked.) It’s bad enough that the siblings have to deal with an overzealous father, but they’re also bombarded with complaints and threats.

Which is why there’s no way in hell that Frederick will keep a potentially dangerous stranger in his own home overnight. If not for his own sake, then for Chrom’s.

“Sir, I don’t think it’s safe to keep her here.” He says. “Remember the time you brought Vaike here while he was drunk?”

Chrom freezes. Frederick’s lips twitch upwards in a smug smirk.

But to the latter’s simultaneous pride and irritation, Chrom manages to regather his bearings and recover: “At least no one was hurt that time and it ended as an inside joke. But this is a different case—someone did a number on her.”

What? Frederick’s smirk disappears and his brow furrows as he slowly steps toward the couch.

Chrom gestures to the girl’s bruised, battered arms and black eye. Frederick grimaces.

“What the hell?”

Then the girl suddenly thrashes in her unconscious sleep, startling both men to step back. Bright red spots start to seep through her clothes. Blood steadily stains her shoulder and thigh.

Fuck.

Frederick goes into crisis mode and responds quickly. He holds the girl in place as he instructs Chrom, “Get the first-aid kit *now*. Did you call Lissa?”

“I called her on my way. She should be here soon.” Chrom replies over his shoulder as he rushes about Frederick’s apartment. He hurries back with the kit in tow.

Frederick shoves the heir aside as he goes to work—after pulling the girl’s shirt to the side, he notes her bandages shoulder. Then he looks at her attire. Realization hits him like a ton of bricks—she’s a patient from the hospital Lissa works at. He files that away for his impending interrogation of the heir as he refocuses on the current situation. Antibiotics, scissors, thread, needle. He can hear the girl hiss bordering on growling bordering on whining to full-on screaming. It’s hard trying to get her to calm down for him to work efficiently.

Suddenly someone shoves him aside.

"*Move Fred*, I got this!" Lissa smoothly picks up where he left off. "Mari!"

Maribelle is on the scene, med-bag in tow and looking as if she were coming back from a night out. She shoots a withering glare in the men's direction before she sets to work.

Frederick has a feeling this is going to be a long night. He can't help but side-eye the heir beside him. Chrom shifts uncomfortably. Frederick rolls his eyes to the ceiling and sighs.

How did this night spiral into a mess so fast?

Dreams are becoming less and less pleasant in Robin's opinion.

Memories from long ago surface abruptly, violently. Vignettes of another life—moving from deserts to empty grasslands to cold wintry tundra, her mother's eyes, cloaked people taking her away from home, running, pain, two figures helping her up—swirl about in her head. She relives the sensations and emotions too vividly, too fast.

One memory sticks out among the swarm.

Robin is reading a book when she hears someone enter her room. Or, chambers, apparently. Her brow furrows slightly as she looks down at the golden ring on her finger.

"Hey," Chrom greets amiably as the door clicks shut behind him. Suddenly the chambers have shrunk, and Robin fiddles with the book pages as the prince—her husband, she corrects herself—walks over to her and drapes himself on her shoulders. His weight is comforting, warm. She cracks an amused smile and he huffs against her neck.

"Is this book the reason why I haven't seen you in a while?" He asks and she can hear the pout in his voice.

"It's an intriguing tome," she says, "it speaks of rare magicking techniques from various continents. Miriel is begging me to lend her this."

"What? My roguish charms aren't enough to intrigue you?" he replies, teasing. She laughs.

"Gaius is rubbing off on you, Chrom. I fear that I may have to steal you away from that sly thief."

He laughs too, carding his fingers through her hair.

Then their brief banter tapers off into silence. They're stalling for time and they both know it. But Chrom merely hums and wraps his arms around her. For a moment, it feels comfortable again. Safe.

"You've been avoiding me."

Robin stiffens.

"I know that... that you don't feel the same for me as I towards you."

She turns to him, wide-eyed. His solemn grin makes her chest tight with fear.

“I can tell from the way you look at me.”

“Chrom—”

He chastely kisses her for a moment and pulls away. Robin’s face colors, momentarily distracted, but she quickly regains her focus on Chrom and opens her mouth to say something—but he’s already beaten her to the punch.

“I know that you aren’t one for romance, but that hasn’t changed my feelings for you. I still love you with all my heart and nothing can change that.”

He’s been thinking about this for a while, considering how carefully he picked those words.

Robin stares at him for a while. Then she turns around in her chair to face Chrom fully and cups his face.

“Chrom,” she starts again, voice thick with emotion, “I love you. When I said my vows, I meant every word. I will be the wind at your back and the sword at your side. We are two halves of one whole. Please,” Robin pauses to gulp down the rising panic and stay her trembling hands, “stay by my side. Don’t leave me. Promise me that you won’t leave me.”

He holds his hands over hers and leans in to kiss her forehead.

“I promise, if you do the same.”

Robin smiles as she rests her head on Chrom’s chest.

“Deal,” she says with a relieved laugh.

Little do they both know how that promise would end.

The scene shifts from that bedchamber to a grisly battlefield, Robin’s body is broken and bleeding and battered but she uses all of her remaining energy to drive her sword through Grima’s human chest.

As she’s fading away, Robin turns to Chrom and hesitates.

His eyes are heartbroken, desperate, and, above all, betrayed.

“You promised me, Robin.”

Those are the last words she hears before the world goes white.

Robin bolts upright panting, her back damp with cold sweat and heart beating rapidly against her ribcage. Something wet drips down her face. She hastily wipes at it.

Her sleep-addled, bewildered mind barely manages to process two things: one, she is on a lumpy couch; and two, her body feels like it’s been through hell and back (which probably isn’t too far from the truth). Hands over her eyes, she counts in between breaths.

In, *one, two, three, four, five*. Hold. Out, *one, two, three, four, five*.

She repeats this pattern until the sleepy fog clears from her head and she isn't hyperventilating anymore.

Cautiously, Robin lowers her hands. It's dark. Nighttime? She blinks a few times as her eyesight slowly readjusts. In front of her is a window; the sky outside is still dusky but it's starting to lighten. To her right, over the back of the ratty blue couch she's resting on, sits a small dining table with a couple of wooden chairs. To her left, there's a black box spanning an arm's length wide resting on a display case of sorts. Stranger still is the odd assortment of… sticks? devices? on the table between her and the box. Where is this place?

Something hisses and Robin ducks, reaching for her swo—her sword's missing. Where's her sword? *Where are her weapons?*

Panic has already taken hold of her mind, now that she's defenseless and alone and—*something touches her shoulder*. Her frazzled mind snaps.

She whips around, grabs the assailant's elbow, and yanks them forward. Her free hand shoots out and grabs the attacker's throat when a choked voice says, "*Heystopit'sokayit'smecalmdown!*"

Instantly, her grip releases and Robin yanks her hand away as if it burned. Wide eyes stare at bewildered blue ones.

"Chrom?"

She can hardly believe it. *Chrom's here, he's okay.* Robin suddenly pulls him again, this time into a hug and buries her face into the crook of his neck. Her shoulders are shaking from trying to hold back tears of elation, relief, guilt. *He's safe, he's okay* repeats itself over and over in her mind as she holds him more tightly and absentmindedly strokes his hair. She mumbles a million apologies and a million reasons why she had to break their promise, why she had to leave them.

But then Chrom is pushing her away. He looks taken aback. Robin's stomach lurches. He's disgusted with her, he doesn't forgive her, *he hates her*. She looks down at her hands, shaking. Oh gods, she messed up. She messed up so bad and all she can say is *sorry*.

Instead, the next sentence changes everything.

"I'm sorry, but I've never met you before until tonight."

Chapter End Notes

HAHA WOW WHAT A DOOZY

I kind of don't like this chapter but it's been a long while since I last updated this fic.

Please drop by the archive and comment to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!